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DECEMBER
1896

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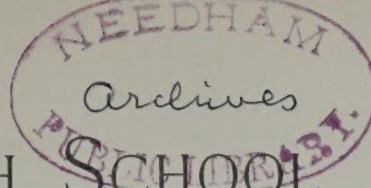
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THE HIGH SCHOOL ADVOCATE.

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DEPARTMENT EDITOR—MABEL H. ELLIS.

Horace. Ode IX.

See, how Soracte lifts his gleaming crest,
Drifted with snow, the sighing forests now
Cannot hold up their burden
And the streams are fettered with jagged ice.
Drive back the cold by piling one by one
The logs upon the hearth; more freely, too,
Bring forth, Thaliarche, wine, four years old,
Stored up in Sabine jars.
Leave dull care to the gods, who e'en now have
Subdued the winds, battling in mortal combat
O'er the sea, so that ne'er cypress strong
Nor aged ash doth quiver.

Look not for what the morrow'll be to thee,
And whate'er kind of day chance gives to us
Mark it as gain, nor scorn sweet love.
Neither refuse the dance,
While hoary age is distant from your youth.
Now let the level plain, the meadow and
Soft winds be sought again at balmy night,
The trysting hour.
And now the pleasing laugh of lurking maid,
Betrayer of her hiding place within;
Also the pledge that's wrested from the arm
Or finger, but affecting to resist.

W. PEMBER, '98.

[From the German.]

The Music of Heaven.

Long ago, in that blessed time when angels walked with men, the gates of heaven stood wide open and a flood of golden light poured out of them and fell upon the earth. The people looked from earth into heaven. They saw the saints on high walking among the stars. The immortals sent greetings down to earth, and the mortals sent greetings up to heaven. But more beautiful than all was the wonderful music that resounded from heaven. The good Lord himself had written it and a thousand angels played it on harps and timbrels and trumpets. Whenever they began to play,

everything on the earth became silent. The wind ceased to roar, the rivers and the waters of the sea stood still. The people nodded to each other and silently pressed each other's hands. We poor mortals of today cannot even conceive of the wonderful rapture which they felt as they listened.

Thus it was at that time; but it did not last long. For, one day, God caused the gates of heaven to be closed as a punishment, and said to His angels, "Let your music cease, for I am sad!" Then the angels also became sad and each one seated himself on a cloud with his music book and

cut the leaves of it up with his tiny, golden shears into small pieces. These they allowed to flutter down toward the earth. The wind caught them on their way and blew them along over mountain and valley; scattering them over the whole world. Each man on the earth caught one of the fragments—one, a large one, another, a small one, and kept it with great care, valuing it highly; for it was, you know, a part of the celestial music, that had sounded so wonderfully beautiful. But, as time went on, men began to quarrel and to grow estranged from one another; because each thought that he had caught the choicest of the fragments; and at last each person maintained that what he had was the true heavenly music, and that what the others had was nothing but fraud and imitation. Whoever wished to be very wise, and there were many such persons, made a great display of his music everywhere, and then imagined himself quite an extraordinary being. One whistled A and another sang B; one played in the major and another in the minor. No one could understand his

neighbor. In short, there was such a noise as one hears in a district school. This sad state of affairs still continues.

When the last day shall come, however, and the stars fall upon the earth and the sun drops into the sea, and the people press against each other at the gate of heaven, as children do at Christmas when they are shown the Christmas tree, then shall the good Lord command His angels to collect all the fragments of His music book, the small ones as well as the large ones, and even the very small ones on which there are only a few notes. The angels shall put the little pieces together once more and then shall the gates of heaven burst open, and the music of heaven shall resound from them anew, just as sweetly as it did long ago. Then all people shall stand there listening in amazement and shame, and one shall say to the other, "You had this! I had that!" But now it sounds most wonderfully grand and quite different, since all is in harmony once more." Oh, yes, indeed! It will be so; no one can doubt it.

BERTHA E. COBURN, '97.

[From the German.]

Das Verlorene Kind.

Morning so bright, flowers so gay,
Grasses so fragrant and sweet,
By the foaming sea beach.
What 'twixt the grasses is glimmering, shimmering,
Some fairy white blossom withdrawn from the heat,
From the blue heaven's reach,
And in the sweet meadowlap shimmering, glimmering?

'T is some little child, by the blossoms beguiled,
Joyfully with the sweet flowerets playing
In the golden sunlight.
O whither, O whence, did you come, pretty one?
From a far distant strand on its rough billows swaying
The sea washed it hither, so kind in its might,
And the wavelet that brought it, has vanished and gone.

Oh why have you joy, thou tender young life?
With little hands plucking the grasses that grow.
No kindly hand is extended in love
And the flowers so stupid and strange do not know,
They only know how to adorn and address them,
To scatter their fragrance on winds of the west;

Thou art lost, little dear one, and no one may find you,
And far, far away is the dear mother breast.
So early to shed the sad tears of life,
Yet the Heaven smiles still in the sweet little face,
Hopefully smiling.
Ah child, thou the best, already hast lost,
Oh, poor little one, and you still know it not,
Fairy moments beguiling.

A footstep, a trampling, oh what can it be!
And still it comes nearer and nearer to thee.
Well may you throw flowers and blossoms away
And cry out with fear in your own childish way,
At the grumbling and rumbling.

A noble prince parts the green grasses that wave
Around the green cradle, almost a green grave,
And searches the ground,
Found at last, that is why the blue heaven smiles.
Ah, little one, now you may practice your wiles,
You are found.

E. A. WYE, '98.

German Anecdote.

Frederick the Great was nearly always at war with the other nations, and for this reason needed many soldiers. One of his regiments was made up only of unusually tall and handsome men. One day a very large and tall Frenchman introduced himself to the captain and said to him, that he would like to serve the king of Prussia.

On account of his size the captain received him immediately, allowed him to choose a uniform, and told him he must learn German as quickly as possible.

"Meanwhile," added he, "You must at least learn the answers to three questions. The king has very sharp eyes. He will notice at once that you are new to the service, and will ask you the three questions, that he is in the habit of putting to every new soldier. They run thus: First, 'How old are you?' Second, 'How long have you been in my service?' Third, 'Are you satisfied with your uniform and pay?'

Since he always is in the habit of asking the same questions and in the same order, you should learn the three answers exactly

so that you will be able to reply promptly."

Some time afterward the king came in order to review the regiment. When he came to the Frenchman, he suddenly stopped, looked at him well pleased, and said quickly.

"How long have you been in my service?"

The Frenchman, who did not understand the question, gave carefully the first answer he had learned.

"Twenty-one years, your majesty."

"What! How old are you then?" cried the king, greatly astonished.

"One year, your majesty!"

This answer surprised the king still more.

"Either you are crazy or I am," he cried angrily.

"Both, your majesty!" answered the soldier, who gave the committed answer to the third question, without hesitation.

When the captain explained the affair, the king laughed heartily and ordered the soldier to learn German as quickly as possible.

ISABELLE P. BOYD, '98.

An Exercise in English Composition.

A for Anemone, shaped like a star,
B for the buttercup, shining afar,
C is for cowslip, which grows in wet places,
D is for daisy, loved for its graces,
E is for elder, in some places rare,
F is for fern, so frail and so fair,
G is for goldenrod, stately and tall,
H for the honeysuckle, dainty and small,
I is for ivy, trailing with grace,
J is for jessamine, in southern place,
K is for kingcup, well known in this land,
L is for lily, so stately and grand,
M is for green moss, in every land seen,
N for the nettle, with prickles so keen,

O for the orchis, not known around here,
P pussywillow, to everyone dear,
Q for quince blossoms, scenting the air,
R for the wild rose, blushing and fair,
S for the sumac, blooms in fall of the year,
T for the thistle, to Scottish sons dear,
U for the umbel, which grows in the West,
V for the violet, in deep purple dressed,
W for woad, a good dyeing plant,
X for xanthium, also useful, I grant,
Y for the yarrow, dressed in green and in gold,
Z for the zinnia, not found here, I'm told.

HANNAH R. COLBURN, '99.



DEPARTMENT EDITOR—LEWIS C. TUTTLE.

Music and Education.

The report of the United States Commissioner of Education shows us that music takes but a small part in American education. Any other subject that belongs in the curriculum of education will be treated with a more or less exhaustive account.

About eighteen hundred and ninety-two there were more than twenty-five schools for music and nearly six thousand pupils as enrolled students in these schools. Since then more have been founded in different parts of the States. But before music has a very large place in education and before it takes the first place in study instead of the last the lovers of music must convince the authorities of its power.

The power of music is great. It was first used, it is said, to train savages. The selfish nature of children must be curbed, and in the curbing of human nature, music must be considered by those who educate them to carry on the affairs of the nation.

Teaching music in public schools, beside elevating the mind, has an important commercial result which everyone should consider. It may help students to earn a livelihood sometime by laying the foundations for a practical knowledge of all musical instruments.

At the present time our orchestras and musicians are nearly all foreign, and unless a person wishes to change his name and accent it is very hard for him to find a place in any fine orchestra.

The inconsistency among many people is nearly unimaginable. They will say, "America for Americans," and still do not

help to educate the growing generation so that they, as Americans, can fill the positions which foreigners now occupy.

The old-time singing school was more of a social gathering than a singing school, but crude as it was it was the only instruction given to some, and indeed, a large number of American citizens. Where the country is thinly settled, singing masters travel and give normals wherever there are enough people to pay. The great sums of money that these teachers get show how the people thirst for a better knowledge of music. The music taught thus is not classical, but of rather a low standard and not such as will elevate the mind and cultivate new and better tastes in the rising generation.

Music is sealed to many people called musicians, because they do not understand the construction of music. One must study theory, harmony, counterpoint, composition, construction and numerous other like things in order to really know and understand music. What better method can be conceived of for teaching those in childhood who sometime may be some of the finest musicians and composers of the age, and who perhaps will help to make the name of American as renowned in musical society as it is now in political society, than by teaching music and its construction with the other branches of education.

In England and Germany this is done much more extensively than in America.

FLORENCE E. CROSSMAN, '98.

A Trip to the World's Food Fair.

On Friday, October 23, 1896, a party of about twenty boys and girls from the N. H. S. made a trip to Boston, to take in the World's Food Fair Exhibition.

Some, starting on the two o'clock train from Needham, arrived at the building about quarter of three, while others of the party met us later, coming in on the four o'clock.

Anyone can imagine the scene we caused in the car, laughing and talking all the way, everyone wondering where we came from, and where our journey would end, judging by the way they stared at us. But we reached our destination safe and sound, ready for a real good time at any cost, and I assure you, we had it.

Upon entering the Fair, the first feature which especially attracted our attention was the "Velvet Candy" exhibit. Seated at each side of a long table on a raised platform were young girls, dressed in bright yellow, making a very striking appearance. Men at each end of the table were pulling the candy and cutting it up, keeping the girls busy wrapping it in the oil paper.

A very amusing spectacle was Aunt Jemima frying pancakes at the door of her hut, presenting quite a homelike picture, with the dogs lying contentedly on the mats.

Going up stairs we saw a crowd gathered and thought something wonderful must be in operation, so after trying for some time to get within sight of it we found it was what they claimed to be the most skilful artist in the world. This man of genius would draw your likeness in three minutes; you simply sat down and your picture was before you in less time than you could imagine, and only cost the small sum of ten cents.

Our party was somewhat scattered, and when we met one another the question was sure to come, "How are you getting along in samples?"

We took samples of everything—crackers, soap, coffee, candy, cocoa, polish, wheat germ meal, salve and salt; but these

are only a few, as you would have thought if you had seen our bags when we reached home.

I said we took them, either we did that, or asked for them, and sometimes those in charge of the booths would inquire, "Do you live with your parents?" we, replying in the affirmative; or we were told "Only to ladies," or "Only to housekeepers," upon which we walked away as meek as lambs.

It would be impossible for me to describe all the interesting features, such as the X-rays, the Phonograph, the Art Gallery, etc.

In the evening the band gave a very fine concert, and most of us were ready to sit down and listen to it an hour or so, for we had travelled three or four miles in that building during the afternoon.

Well, it was nearing the time to start for the station, so one after another made their way to the door, and at last we started. What was our surprise, when on reaching the outside door, we found the rain descending quite forcibly.

There were only four or five in the crowd who had brought umbrellas, and just think of it, five umbrellas in a crowd of twenty, to walk from Mechanics' Building to the Columbus Ave. Station!

But there was nothing for it except to march forward, so on we went, with one umbrella to cover four people, resulting, of course, in covering no one.

What a sight we were when we came to the end of that walk; feet wet, all splashed with mud, water dripping from our hats, and pretty well soaked generally.

More than this, three of our number were nowhere to be found; but they soon made an appearance, saying, they couldn't find us at the Fair, so they thought they would walk along.

Being anxious to get home now, if we heard any train whistle, up we jumped, and ran to the door, only to see it whiz past.

After repeating this action about three times, a train came which actually stopped,

and we at once clambered into" the car. It did not seem but a short time before we heard "Next Station, Needham!" for we had been amusing ourselves in various ways very successfully.

The next day we found all of our party alive, on dry land, and none the worse for going on that wonderful expedition to The World's Food Fair.

LAURA G. WILLGOOSE, '00.

Thoughts Suggested by the Seal of Needham.



The seal of the town of Needham is a very suggestive one. In its parts and as a whole it furnishes a great deal of material for thought. First to deal with the seal itself.

In the foreground stand three men, two of them dressed in the costume of the Puritans. They bear no arms, thus suggesting the thought that Needham was founded under peaceful conditions.

The other figure in the foreground is one of which much has been said by all writers—the Indian.

In his right hand, in place of the historic tomahawk, he grasps the written agreement between himself and the white men; further establishing the thought that the land for Needham was gotten honorably and fairly. His other hand is extended in friendly greeting to the whites, expressing his esteem for their friendship.

In the left background stands the habitation of the Indian, the wigwam, from which the smoke is calmly and serenely rising to the sky. Before the door extends a well worn path down to the banks of the river, confirming his claim as an old inhabitant.

The river in the immediate foreground winds perceptibly, putting one in mind of

the circuitous Charles. In the right background stands a well formed and lusty tree, suggesting the fertility of the soil at that time and of which, since then, Needham has upheld its reputation in regard to productive ability.

In the background centre a forest is to be seen, towering above which, stands the time-honored, much-praised summit of High Rock. No doubt at that time High Rock was not so celebrated or such a resort for pleasure parties, as it is now.

And it is the writer's firm belief that High Rock still adheres to the stern Sabbath policy of its Puritan fathers, because two times he made a journey to the rock of observation, on two respective Sabbath afternoons, and had just got comfortably stretched out with telescope in hand, (and by the way, he would advise any intending to do the same thing in future, to take along a pretty good sized blanket for a softening effect,) when down upon his back came the chastisements of the heavens in the shape of two severe thunder storms, compelling him to beat a rather precipitous retreat into the adjacent woods.

The summary of the picture suggests peace and fellowship among the towns-

people, and also present and future prosperity.

This for the seal itself. Now for a few wanderings off into the realms of imagination.

In the first place, the treaty of the white men and the surrender of the land by the Indian, suggests the custom that was very rarely used in colonial times, except by the treaty of Penn and the settlement of Rhode Island. The men of the colonial times thought, as a rule, that the land belonged to them as much as to the Indian. Whether this was right or not, at all events they had no hesitation in seizing the land and oftentimes without the least remuneration. From these acts arises the question, was the Indian deprived of his rights? It is a question hard to settle, for, according to the Indian, he owned all the land and was the first inhabitant, therefore he should have the disposal of the land as he saw fit.

But as usual there is the other side to the question. The white man came here and found what? A country giving promise of a great return for labor expended. Inhabited by whom? By a race of men, covering about one-eighth of the territory; making no pretext of cultivating the soil to

any extent, content to live from hand to mouth, making no effort to compel nature to divulge her hidden treasures and engaged in destructive wars with each other. What wonder then, that a race, more advanced in civilization and in energetic ability should come and take the land for their own, using it as Nature had intended. But overlooking all these facts, there still remains the great law of civilization to this effect, that no one handful of people could expect to hold and keep exclusively to themselves a vast territory of rich land, capable of sustaining a vast number of people.

But the red man thinks himself abused and downtrodden and it is in his character to avenge the wrongs of his race; consequently the frequent and bloody outbreaks, thankfully growing less and less frequent.

The solution of this Indian question lies without any doubt in the power of education. By this means the Indian is given something to think about, apart from his supposed wrongs, and at the same time giving him an uplifting education, and last, but not least, enables him to become better acquainted with his white brother.

E. L. NICHOLS, '98.

Etymology.

THE HISTORY OF WORDS.

One of the most interesting studies is the history of words, which is known under the name of etymology and comparative philology. This science teaches of the birth and history of words, how they come to mean what they do mean through gradual growth and change. Every noun tells a story of bygone days, every verb conjures a scene long vanished from reality, every adjective contains the story of its own remarkable life.

Words were all originally of one syllable, conveying a certain general idea. Later, as time passed and the wants and the knowledge of mankind increased, affixes of various kinds were added and words began to grow, till now we have long

words, which, on examination, are easily shown to have risen from a simple root-word long dead and passed from use.

Then, too, all roots had originally a mere material meaning which, by and by, through metaphorical evolution was turned to a less and less material significance.

An interesting example of the growth of words and of the change from material to immaterial meaning is afforded by the history of the root-word GAN. This Aryan root means "to know," and occurs in all the Indo-European languages. When we learn that such dissimilar words as name, know, noble, acquaintance, recognize, agnostic, noun, ignoble, notice, ignorance and notable come from one common root,

we begin to understand what a truly wonderful science is philology.

The stories which some words tell are most interesting and instructive, and many, strange to say, teach lessons and illustrate truths in a way unequalled. For instance, the words the various languages apply to man strangely sustain an important truth. We are told that man is animal in body and spiritual in mind, a union of two very dissimilar elements, matter and spirit, insomuch as his body is of the earth and his mind and soul of God.

The words which have come down to us, tell how firmly the early peoples believed that man's body was of the earth, and how tenaciously this idea was held to. The word Adam, applied to the first man, merely means "earth," and he was called this because the Hebrews believed him formed from the dust. But it is in the Aryan languages that the idea of man's earthly origin received the most emphasis. The old Aryan root GHAM means "earth" and this root appears in all the Aryan languages. The Latin form is "humus" and from this come humble and humility, meaning "low to the earth," but from the same root comes

the Latin "homo," a man, so that "humus" and "homo" are one and the same, as the cowboys call guns, irons, because they are made of iron. From the same root GHAM came the Old High German "gomo," English, "groom," Saxon, "guma," Norse, "gromr," Gothic, "guma," Dutch, "grom," Icelandic, "gumi"; all meaning man. The word Aryan itself comes from a root AR, meaning earth, so that Aryan means "sprung from the earth."

In opposition to this the idea that man is a reasoning and thinking being is also emphasized by the words applied to man, in various languages. There is an Aryan root MAN, which means "to think," to be conscious. It is from this that our word "man" comes, as man is a being who thinks and reasons. From this root also come the Latin, "mas," a male, and the Sanskrit word "manu," the Saxon and German "mann," the Dutch "man," Icelandic, "mathr," Danish, "mand," and Gothic, "manna," all meaning man.

It is by such instances as this that one's interest in the study is intensified and one's respect for scientific research increased.

E. A. WYE, '98.

The Olympic Games.

The Olympic games, the greatest national festival of ancient Greece, were celebrated every five years on the Plain of Olympia, in honor of Zeus, the Father of the Gods.

The games date back as far as 1000 B. C., but were not prominent until 832 B. C., when the king of Greece took great interest in them. Originally none were allowed to enter the events except those of pure Hellenic blood, but after the conquest of Greece by the Romans, the latter asked and received the honor of entering the games. Women at first were not allowed to be present on pain of being thrown headlong from the Typœan Rock, but in later times the women were allowed to be present. The games were considered so important that time was reckoned as such and such Olympiad.

The contestants were required to undergo

a preparatory training for ten months at the gymnasium of Elis, the gymnasium for the last few months being attended as much as the games themselves.

The games were held in July or August, and required from five to fifteen days. The first few days were given up to sports for boys, which included running, jumping, wrestling, boxing, the pentathlon, or a series of contests, as of throwing the spear and discus, and the pankration, which was a combination of boxing, wrestling and other tests of endurance, comparing favorably with our modern football. On the next few days the contests of men took place, similar to those of boys, also the races of men in armor, chariot and horse racing and the contests of trumpeters and heralds.

The last day was set apart for sacrifices

at our destination and were heartily received by our hostess, who conducted her visitors into her pleasant country home.

Here we were told to enjoy ourselves and feel at home. This we proceeded to do, but it was not long before our entertainer requested that the company pair off and proceed to another room.

Now the real fun began. We were drawn up before a long table, supplied with knives and other necessary things to work with. We were to begin a contest, the object of which was to see who could succeed in paring, coring, quartering, and stringing the greatest number of apples in a given time.

At the signal to commence, all began to work with all their might. I thought that

we were doing pretty well, but as regards myself I must confess that I only succeeded in capturing one of the two booby prizes.

Immediately after the contest we were seated at tables bountifully supplied with refreshing eatables, of which not much was left, after the hearty crowd had finished.

By this time it had grown dark and so by lamp light we played different games and enjoyed ourselves generally. At half-past nine we again took our seats in the barge and started for Needham amid cheering and shouting for our genial hostess.

We arrived home at about eleven o'clock, feeling a little stiff, but none the less happy for our trip to Medfield.

ROSCOE A. CARTER, '99.

What Harold Brown Dreamed the Night After Christmas.

Although Harold Brown was a zealous student and possessed of many good qualities, he was blessed with such an excellent appetite, that he easily succumbed to the charm of a Christmas dinner and entirely forgot his favorite books until almost bed time. Then his studious inclinations asserted themselves and he read an account of the persecution of the Huguenots in a French History which his uncle had given him.

* * * * *

He heard shouts and cries, indistinct at first, but coming nearer and nearer, and running to the window, he saw a raging mob in the street below. Some of the men were brandishing knives and forks and hockey sticks—others were hurling great lumps of rock candy and ice at each other. Harold noticed before he left the window to run down stairs that most of the men wore conspicuous white badges. By the time he reached the street door, the mob had turned down a cross street not far away. Guided by their horrible yells, he ran up the street and turned the corner, but nothing unusual was to be seen. He kept on and on through a labyrinth of dark, narrow streets, but the noise seemed to go farther and farther from him, until at last

it died away altogether. The boy had lost his way completely. Finally, he came out upon a wide road. Now, he could see a dim light ahead of him and knew that he must be near open country. He had nearly reached the end of this road when the tall, dark figure of a woman bending eagerly forward with one long arm stretched out as if reaching to grasp something, glided along the road which crossed the end of the one that Harold was now on.

Increasing his pace to a run, he dashed round the corner and soon was close beside the strange woman, but she did not take any notice of him. Every muscle of her face was set in an expression of fierce eagerness and she was staring straight forward. Looking in that direction, the boy saw a tree, sparkling with jewels and bright daggers and supporting a magnificent crown on its topmost branches. This tree was traveling swiftly along over the road in front of them in a most mysterious manner. Glancing quickly around at the figure beside him, it flashed upon the excited boy in an instant, that this was Catherine de Medici. He started back in horror at the thought of being so close to that dreadful woman, but concluded to follow her at a

distance to see what would happen. He had not gone far when he heard a sound like waves breaking against a cliff and a little farther on, saw a bank of thick fog. Now the tree was over it.

Harold wondered with a shudder, if the woman would try to follow it; he darted forward to warn her, but he was too late. The wretched woman sank with the tree into the fog.

Almost at the instant that she disappeared, a vast multitude of figures clad in costumes of the time of Charles the IX. rose out of the mist, holding music books wide open before them. At a sign from the leader, Admiral d'Coligny, the whole mighty chorus burst forth into the glad song of "Peace on earth, good will to men."

BERTHA E. COBURN, '97.

The First Meeting of the "Naughty Nits."

SCENE: Room 3.

TIME: Soon after school opened.

OCCASION: Freshman class meeting to elect officers and class editors. (As overheard by a senior and sub-senior.)

Enter Freshmen: (Great noise caused by all talking at once.) "I think — would be a good one." "What do we have to do?" "You be chairman." "No, you, you know all about it." (They finally select the one who knows it all.)

Miss W. steps to the platform, raps for order, (all giggle), and says, "I think the first thing to do is to elect a president."

Aspiring Freshgirl, with much dignity: "I arise from my seat to appoint — for president of this class."

Chairman: "Why, that isn't the way to do it."

Another Freshgirl: "I think you'd make a good one."

Chairman, sotto voce, "So do I." Aloud, "Oh, no, I—, I— g— g— guess someone else can have it.

The motion is seconded, so the chairman says: "All who want me to be president, please raise their hands." (All raise both hands with more giggling.)

Chairman: "No, that wasn't right,

we must do it all over again. All in favor of the chairman being president, please signify by raising their hands. I mean their right hands."

Would-be witty Freshman: "We've only got one right hand." (All giggle.)

Chairman, angrily: "Well, raise that then." Each one raises his right hand.

Chairman: "Contrarymindsitisavote." Then as the full force of the situation bursts upon her and penetrates her brain, she cries, "Why, I'm president!"

After a sufficient pause to enable the class to fully digest this astounding declaration the business is resumed. And so they go on, and when all has been done to their satisfaction, one rises and says: "I move that the meeting is closed," and no one contradicts, and the president breathes a huge sigh of relief. But, when the editor-in-chief endeavored to ascertain whom they had elected for class editors, everyone told him different ones.

The aforementioned senior and sub-senior will long remember the occasion, as will, doubtless, Miss W—, the president, who knew it all.

Thus ended the first chapter in the history of 'oo.





INSPIRATIONS FROM THE MUSE.

"Sing, Heavenly Muse,...

...I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous
song'

DEPARTMENT EDITOR—ERNEST A. WYE.

A Winter Idyl.

Streamlet and river, marsh and pond,
By the King of Frost are held in bond.
The silent forests with snow are white,
The stars now glitter with frosty light.

But the glittering snow piled high on shore,
Reflects the pale moon's light, and o'er
The meadows silence reigns, when now
A rushing train, its rumbling low
Quick rising, dies amid the snow.

But what care we for the winter's cold,
For the drifted snow and the nipping hold
Of the frost, nay, we'll not mind.

But on your skates forget the wind
And let the landmarks fade behind.

As hand in hand with rapid stroke,
We are gliding along, the struggling yoke
Of oxen we pass, seems standing still,
Wearily dragging from distant mill,
The powdery grist, o'er valley and hill.

And on, still on, 'neath the pale moon's rays,
O'er the glassy ice, through the changing maze,
Of companions gay, by the bonfire's light,
Oh, who would stay at home tonight!

W. PEMBER, '98.

His Mother's Armchair.

It was a beautiful eventide,
The daily work was done,
And the gleaners walking slowly
Turned homeward one by one.

Their hearts were light and happy,
Though their hands with toil were hard,
There were noble souls among them,
Ne'er sung by poet or bard.

But one among them sorrowed,
For that night his hearth was bare,
His mother had left his fireside,
Nor smiled from the armchair there.

Then one among the gleaners
Felt pity for the lad,
And asked him to share his cottage,
But the answer, low and sad.

" You tell me my hearth is lonely,
I know it, sir, full well;
But all is bles't, in that cottage,
Where my mother used to dwell.

Though in your kindly pity,
You wish my grief to share,
There's naught that will cure it so quickly,
As a sight of that old armchair."

So, when the sunset faded,
And deepened into night,
He entered his lonely cottage,
And lit his single light.

And kneeling beside the armchair,
He thought of the time when he,
His mother's only comfort,
Had prattled at her knee.

Recalling as he sat there,
What her last words had been,
That he'd e'er be true and noble,
Nor follow the paths of sin.

And now, in his splendid mansion,
In among his treasures there,
You'll see in the place of honor,
His mother's old armchair.

HELEN C. PEABODY, '99

T H E
High School Advocate,
 A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED BY THE
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ASSISTANT EDITORS:

'97.

MABEL H. ELLIS,

LEWIS C. TUTTLE.

'98.

ELMER L. NICHOLS,

ERNEST A. WYE.

'99.

HELEN C. PEABODY.

WALTER S. THACHER.

1900.

GEORGE H. FERNALD,

ARTHUR WHETTON.

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GEO. W. SOUTHWORTH, PRINTER, CHRONICLE OFFICE, NEEDHAM.

SINCE its first publication in eighteen hundred and ninety-one, efforts have continually been made to publish the Needham High School Advocate more than once a year, but it has remained for the scholars of the present school to accomplish this. The Advocate, in the fifth year of its existence, has blossomed out as a bi-annual, and now that this much has been done a quarterly may be expected in a year or two. The school, at present, is as large as many which are now publishing quarterlies, and there seems to be no reason why the Needham High School cannot do what these other schools can, provided the scholars will take hold of it. This number is necessarily much smaller than the one usually issued in June, but it should be borne in mind that it is not the size of one number which counts, but the total number of pages published during the entire year.

We intend to issue a slightly larger paper in June, so that the size of the year's number will at least equal, if not exceed, that which was published last June. We wish to thank those, who, by patronizing the advertising columns of the Advocate, have made it possible to issue it, and also the subscribers who have assisted to that end, and we hope, that although a new venture, it will be well received.

❖

AFTER its long years of rest the Daniel Webster Debating Club, Lyceum League of America, is about to be started up again, and this time, it is to be hoped, it will not be allowed to sink into oblivion again. The Debating Club is a great aid to the scholars; it teaches them to think, and to think intelligently; it gives them a greater command over words, and the listeners to the arguments receive much benefit and instruction from it. The many books of reference which the high school library possesses will be a great help in preparing the debates, and we hope that, with a new start, it will continue to flourish as long as the high school lasts.

❖

WE wish to emphasize the fact that we need a new flag for the building very much. It is hardly necessary to call attention to its ragged condition, which is a disgrace to the building, but in accordance with the law we are obliged to use it. We would respectfully suggest that the present flag cannot last much longer, and that a new one will have to be obtained to comply with the conditions of the law, and in view of the fact that our first flag was presented by Mr. Glover and the second was purchased by the scholars, it is the place of the town to buy this one.

❖

ONE public day has already been held and it is proposed to hold two more during the year, one in the winter, and one in the spring term. Every scholar in school will speak at least once.

LOCALS

DEPARTMENT EDITORS—ELMER L. NICHOLS, HELEN C. PEABODY.

—“Here boy! What’s your name?”

—Say! Have you seen that new lamp chimney?

—So they were “expulsed,” were they, Master T?

—How passive the juniors are when reciting in the active voice.

—How easy it is to displace those desks. Don’t you think so, Miss E. P.?

—By the way; to be elected secretary of ’98 is considered a deadly insult.

—Who does not long for cotton batting when ’98 is reciting in Shakesperian metre?

—Teacher: “I think I will increase the Greek lesson.” Voice in protest! “Town meeting to-night.”

—Readers will notice that the very stale annual joke of the “Weary Romans” is mercifully omitted.

—A new genealogical table by Master T. ’97. “The French are the ancestors of the ancient Gauls.”

—The voices of the basses have become so low that Pluto now guards them. “Thou shalt never see me more.”

—It is one thing to be able to talk French and it is another thing to be understood. How about that, W—e?

—It has been suggested that Master T. and Miss S. be appointed a committee of “Special Correspondence.”

—The ex-juniors take a great interest in physics. Wait till the gilt wears off. Precision is a terrible bore.

—Some strange sights for a school room would no doubt be seen, if the teacher could see behind those desk covers.

—Occasionally the Mc—— tandem is late for school. This means that ’98 has a disagreeable recitation early in the morning.

—How fondly Master L—— C——, of ’99, smiled when the teacher announced that the next Greek lesson would be omitted.

—The refusal of Master T——, ’97, to play the piano seems to have weighed heavily on his mind, judging from later occurrences.

—Masters S. and W. hid in the laboratory during a junior class meeting; for weeks afterwards their faces were wreathed in smiles. Why?

—The Advocate for ’92 expressed a hope of soon becoming a monthly; ’96 is about to close and we congratulate ourselves because we have evolved a semi-annual.

—What a vast amount of fun the girls derive from the cold school-room. The teacher even becomes cold at the sight of the winter coats. How about that, Miss B—?

—Talking about the diffusibility of liquids the other day in the physics class, some one made the remark that milk and water possessed that faculty perfectly, but that it required the air of the city to obtain the best results.

—What a source for mirth are the grammar recitations of the juniors.

—Chem. A. is apparently very eager for its recitation, even when it has been omitted.

—Will a certain member of the Greek class please refrain from using slang, even "for" fun.

—It has been gently hinted, that Miss R., '97, refrain from sharpening pencils on her neighbors' desks.

—The latest translation of "via est dura," (the way is hard) is by Miss E. G., as follows: "The way he she or it is hard."

—A certain member of '98 on being asked the question: "Which do you prefer to take, Latin or German?" answered: "Neither, if possible."

—So the piano is out of tune! Folks should not play waltzes on it at intermission. But then does anyone now in the school remember when it was in tune?

—Hurrah! Perhaps the teacher has struck the right trail after all in order to bring out the intelligence of the juniors. But oh my! what a long chase it will be.

—A little while previous to this date, when some teachers were hastily improvised for the juniors, what stern expressions they brought back on their faces, just as if they had kept perfect order in the adjacent room. (?)

—Overheard at 8.15 a. m. "Say! Show me how to do this Virgil, will you?" "How do you do this Cæsar?" "Let's go ask Mr. Godfrey." "Confound those examples! Did you do them?" "And there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth."

—Teacher, referring to the high (?) sense of the ludicrous displayed by the juniors: "My imagination fails to conceive what the juniors would do, if anything really funny were to happen." Never mind juniors, yours is not the only class to whom and of whom the same remark has been made.

—According to Miss R. '97, the Franco-Persian war took place in 1870.

—Have you heard Mr. Godfrey's occult explanation of W. Mc.'s physics recitation?

—How rapidly Miss W. and Miss C. of '98 are maturing. Shall we smile or sigh?

—Teacher: "C. Mc., What do you know?"

C. Mc., meekly: "I don't know anything."

—Teacher: "Give the synopsis first person plural indicative middle of "luo." Scholar: "——," but let us mercifully draw the curtain.

—Previous to their entrance into the high school, the infant class chose green and white for their class colors. We congratulate you, children; most appropriate combination.

—We do hope that when the class in Virgil comes to the place, "Redolentque thymo fragentia mella," they will spare the ears of their hearers from the ancient joke, "The fragrant honey smells like thyme."

—Witness this translation by Miss A. de L. '98. "Le poule ayant les jambes tres courtes, s'appelait Courte Jambe." (The chicken having very short legs, was called Short Legs). "The chicken having three short legs, was called Short Legs."

—The Advocate for '94, asks concerning the origin of the High School motto: "Palmam qui meruit ferat." E. A. Wye of '98 kindly looked this matter up and found it to have been the motto of the class of 1885. This class graduated under Harold C. Childs, and consisted of Charles M. Eaton, Frank Stedman and Willia Leach. This motto was afterward used by the classes of 1888 and '89 in addition to their own mottoes. It first appeared in the Advocate in the year 1894. Since then it has appeared at each publication of the High School paper. The motto is an old one, and was not original with the class of '85, it having appeared in one of the Roman writers.

—The Modern Sphinx—Master Th—r, '99.

—How very welcome is Theoretical Physics.

—“More mathematics!” the incessant cry of P. '98.

—Motto of the N. H. S. S. U.: “Juniors positively excluded.”

—They say the Inquisition is no more. Yes, but there is the Greek class.

—Wanted! A few scholars who will cheerfully contribute to the columns of the Advocate.

—This by Master Mc., 1900: “William Rufus was found dead, with a harrow in his breast.”

—“Teacher: “Give the plural of m-o-u-s-e.” Miss R., '97. “Does that spell mouse?”

—I wonder what a certain member of '98 sees so very interesting out of the window, when she is reciting?

—It seems as if the juniors ought to be very proficient in mathematics, they appear to be so fond of elimination.

—What a marvellous man he was. According to Miss R., '97, “Louis IV. died in Palestine of a fever and returned.”

—A junior Latin sentence: A daughter (nominative) of the queen (dative) gave a rose (accusative) to her friend (genitive.)

—I wonder why W. Mc. and E. W.—e liked to procure ice for experiments? They say that W—e rapidly put in practice for football!

—Teacher: “Have you ever seen a molecule?”

Scholar, '98: “I don’t know whether I have or not.”

—“*Duplicis tendens ad sidera palmas,*” (raising both hands to the heavens) “*stretching both hands to the weather.*” Master T., '97.

—“*Je ne prudius point d’effet*” (I do not create any stir), was expressively translated by a member of '98 as follows: “I don’t cut any ice.”

—It was lucky for you, Master T—, '97, that you noticed those lions, even if you did not see any special beauty in the rest of the Boston Public Library.

—What a long time intervened between Cæsar’s expeditions. According to a junior he made his second expedition in 54 B. C. and his third in 53 A. D.

—Teacher: “Who was Homer?” Freshman (after great hesitation.) “I—I think he wrote a book.” Teacher: “What kind of a book? Was it a novel or a collection of short stories?” Freshman—(likewise after much hesitation and deliberation.) “I think it was about language.” Oh, those freshmen!

—How solemn a procession one sees on the mornings of the Greek recitations. The bell rings! a moment’s pause! then D. reluctantly takes his place. C., the teacher’s ally in keeping quiet among the juniors, follows slowly. Then W. looks up and slowly promenades to his place. Then in his usually brisk (?) fashion S. joins the procession. T. follows, and finally N. awaking to the fact that his estimable presence is required, takes his place.

In the early morning,
Before school has begun,
Scholars all come trooping,
Gathering one by one.

Front of teacher’s desk
And flocking all around it,
Do the pupils gather,
Making quite a racket.

Each and everyone
Carries a Kelsey’s Cæsar
All ejaculating,
“How do you do this? Sir.”

And when he has told them,
All happily leave,
But its all gone through them,
Like water through a sieve.

Then hail to the Cæsarites!
Hail to their zeal!
Think of the many nights
They’ve studied so weel.*

*Poetical license—well.



DEPARTMENT EDITOR—WALTER S. THACHER.

What does the "Wellesley Index" say to the semi-annual appearance of its "lineal descendant?" By the way, it hasn't explained the lineage yet.

Ought high school papers discuss political problems in their columns?

Prof. G., going up a hill abike, struck a sand heap, which sent him rolling into the ditch.

Senior (rushing up): "Please perform that over again, Professor, we didn't get quite all our inferences noted down."—Crucible, (Greeley, Colo.)

Owing to a lack of exchanges our exchange column is not as well filled as we might wish it to be. We hope that all papers who receive copies of the Advocate will exchange with us.

The Radiator has expressed a wish that the Advocate should be published oftener. We beg to call its attention to the fact that it is now a bi-annual.

Several of our exchanges are without exchange columns. Should this not be an important part of every paper?

Teacher: "How was Tyre destroyed?"
Scholar: "Tyre? Punctured, I guess."
—Recorder, (Springfield, Mass.)

Some very fine cuts have appeared in the Crucible, (Greeley, Colo.) lately.

Teacher: "Johnny, what figure of speech is, I love my teacher?"
Johnny: "Sarcasm."—Ex.

The Echo (Camden, N. Y.) has a very handsome cover, but we think it would be improved by an exchange column.

We think that it would be a good plan for the High School Record of Sioux City to publish the name of the state it is published in somewhere in its columns.

We would advise any high school paper to exchange with the Radiator of New Haven, Conn., if possible. It is an excellent paper, one of the best published.

The Recorder, (Springfield, Mass.) is one of the best of our exchanges.



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